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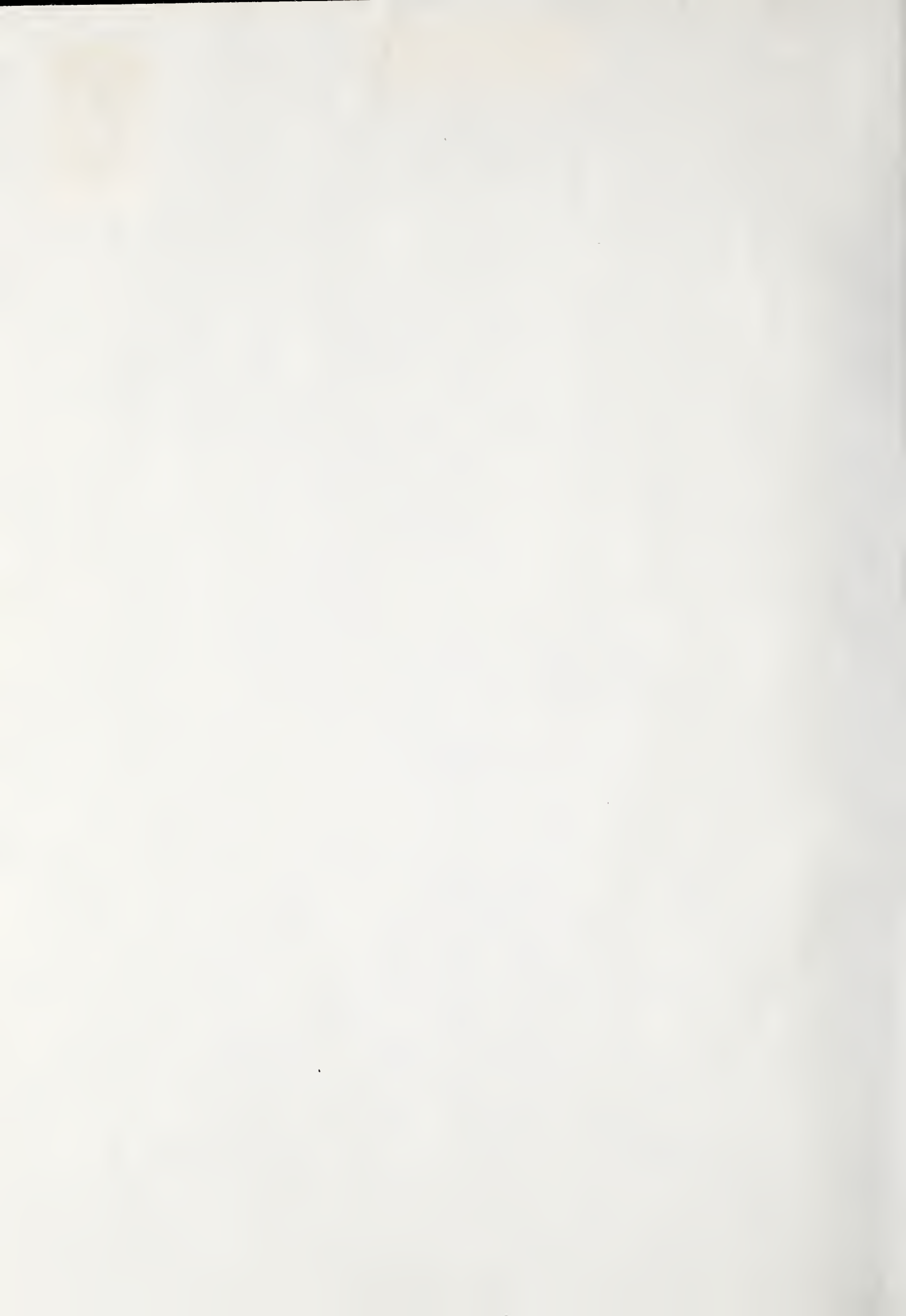
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HISTORY

of the

GUERRYS and the DUNNS

SARAH M. PIPKIN

April 16, 1896

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THIS HISTORY may be thought egotistical, but I adopted the first person, because most convenient for me, and especially for the sake of my immediate family.

FAMILY HISTORY
OF THE
GUERRYS AND THE DUNNS

I, Sarah Matilda Pipkin, nee Carter, nee Guerry, was born of Christian parents, in the County of Houston, Ga., March 14th, 1832. My father, Peter Videau Guerry, was of pure French descent, his ancestors being compelled to flee from France during the historical Huguenot persecution. The cruel Catholic King, forcing them to leave their native land on account of their Protestant Faith, after they had already endured many and grievous trials and persecutions, some even sealing their fidelity to God with their lives.

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In the ship, on which my father's ancestors took passage, were many other Huguenot families - the Remberts, Michaus, Videaus, Dumays, etc., I can only remember a few names. The ship landed them upon the hospitable shores of South Carolina. They had intended landing somewhere on the coast of Virginia, but adverse winds and waves drove them farther southward. One of the sons of the Guerry family was off from home at school at the time the Edict of banishment was issued, and alas! the haste was so great they could not wait to get him with them - could only leave word for him to follow them. They never knew what became of this son - whether he perished in France - or on the sea - or managed to reach the United States at some other distant point and could



not find them. Our Exiles, finally settled in a colony, on the banks of the dear old Santee River, about 80 miles from Charleston.

The Guerrys being the most numerous, or from some other cause, the settlement was called Guerrytown. Here these much tried French folks found a peaceful home, and here they lived, labored and prospered - loved, suffered, married and died for several generations - but never intermarrying with other blood.

Our written family record, that is in my dear father's Bible, which was his father's before him, begins with the record of the birth, marriage, and death of my great grandfather and mother - James Guerry and Mary Rembert - born in 1717 and 1720, married 1738 - died 1782 and 1786. To these were born eight (8) sons. The record of only two of these brothers is given in Pa's Bible, John and Theodore. John was my Grandfather, and Theodore was the father of my father's first wife. But Pa often talked to us about these brothers, his Uncles, and I remember the name of one other, Peter. They all lived to man's estate, and some of them were married and settled at the time the terrible War of the Revolution began. My grandfather, John Guerry, born in 1751, was married 1776, to Charlotte Michau, born 1759. Theodore his brother, born 1745, was married 1785 to Martha E. Dumay, born 1762. I do not remember who the others married, but they were all French women.

Dear Children, you have read the history of the Revolution and you know there were three parties here in the colonies, as they were then called. Those who took up arms against England, and so bravely fought for their independence - The Tories, who sided with the

Mother Country - and the Neutrals, who would fight with neither the British or the Americans. As soon as War was declared, my grandfather and all of his brothers, except Peter, who was a Neutral, joined the Rebel Army.

For the greater safety of their families, the married brothers put them all together at the old Homestead, where the old father and mother were still living and the non-fighting brother remained with them.

In 1778, a son was born to John and Charlotte Jane Guerry, my grandparents, and named John after his father. The brothers came home occasionally, on brief furloughs to visit their families. The long weary years of untold privation, hardship and suffering, kept rolling by, but still the fierce struggle for home and liberty, went determinedly on. No thought of surrender, the foe must be driven from the soil, and America proclaimed the Land of the Free. October 8th, 1781, another son came to claim the loving care of the brave soldier's anxious wife, that son was my own dear father. At this time grandpa got leave of absence to visit his wife and children, and during this visit, came very near to being captured by the British. The baby was just eight days old, and my grandma still in bed. The family were about to sit down to the best war dinner the sisters could have prepared in honor of my grandfather's presence, when a party of red coats dashed up to the gate. Oh! what an awful moment of alarm and danger, but woman's ingenuity is generally equal to the occasion, specially when, as theirs, sharpened by so many threatening dangers. In those days the bedsteads were not so low as now, and foot valans were in use, so in a twinkling they

hustled grandpa under the bed and stood around. The soldiers came in and were about to throw open the doors and windows, when the sisters begged them not to do so, on account of the sick lady. The officer went to the bed and spoke to grandma, and patted my father on the cheek, and called him a fine rebel boy - if he had only guessed the rebel father was at his feet. As was the custom, these soldiers ate up all that was cooked, and took possession of all they could find, that they wanted, or else destroyed it, and after rummaging to their hearts' content, left, to the great joy of all in that house, and grandpa was released from his uncomfortable but safe confinement. Oh! those were times that tried a man's soul.

On a former visit home of grandpa's, the tragic war event of the family history occurred, and should have been related before the above instance. The Tories were more troublesome than the regular soldiers, in bands they roamed over the country, destroying property, frightening old men, women and children, and sometimes killing soldiers at home on furlough when so unfortunate as to fall into their power. There were so many raids of Tories and British, that the people often suffered for lack of the necessities of life, and many plans had been devised to preserve their scant supplies. These brothers had a small strong house built in a dense swamp not far off, where they hoped to keep food for their loved ones and the servants dependent upon them. My grandfather and his brother Peter, had gone to this house one day for some provisions, when through a crevice they saw some Tories approaching. My grandfather had his gun, and determined to defend himself from the house, but his brother seized with a panic of excitement, opened the door, rushed out and ran, before

grandpa could detain him. The Tories, supposing he was grandpa, fired at him, killing him instantly, and went on their way rejoicing. Strange that he alone of the eight brothers should be killed - he was a Neutral, from a sincere though mistaken notion he would not take up arms against the Mother Country, neither would he fight his own people. The other seven fought through the war and were unhurt. A sad experience to them all, 'specially the aged parents, was the untimely death of this son.

Gen'l. Marion's wife named my father. She called him Peter Videau. Videau was her maiden name, and Peter was a family name.

At long last the terrible war came to a close, and the people of these colonies quieted down to the enjoyment of their dearly bought independence, amid the quiet pursuits of husbandry. The two boys, born during such stormy times, grew to manhood, the only children of my grandparents. Uncle John married in 1804, Margaret Brown, the first one of the family to marry a girl not of French blood. Peter Videau, my father, was married at Guerrytown, S. C., Jan., 1809, to Mary Elizabeth Guerrey, his first cousin, daughter of Theodore and Martha Guerrey. My dear father was of a genial, lovable disposition, upright and honorable, kind and charitable in all his dealings with his fellow men, devoted to his family (oh! how they loved him) but above all, faithful to his church and his God, until death. He used to tell us that when he first grew up he loved to frolic, 'specially to dance, but that after he met up with the people called Methodists, and was converted and joined that church, he ever after adhered strictly to its rules, and so brought up his children. But even in his gayest days, he meddled not with cards. (And I pause, to breathe an earnest prayer, that none of

his descendants may ever be addicted to this awful vice.) His children revered as much as they loved him, and never thought of rebelling against his expressed wishes. Soon after my father's marriage, his wife's parents being dead, he and his brother's family with their parents decided to try their fortune in the newer State of Georgia. They settled at Twigs County. Here five children were born to my father. The first a son, John Theodore - Born Feb. 1811 - died Aug. the same year. The second child a daughter, Charlotte, born September 16, 1812. The third a son, Peter Videau, Jr., born Jan. 1815. The fourth a son, also named John Theodore, born April 1817. The last a son, Samuel James, born April 24th, 1819 - died same day and his mother in a few days followed him, and in October same year John Theodore second, died. My grandmother died Jan. 6th, 1818, and on the 26th of the same month, her son John, my Uncle, died, leaving one son and several daughters. One of these daughters, named Videau for pa, married Mr. Wright, I knew her well in later days. Her descendants live in Macon Co., Ala. Another, Mary, who married John Ellington, I knew well, they were wealthy, but had no children, died in Tuskegee. I knew the son, but will tell who he married later on, as I knew his children well, and his daughter is a near neighbor of my children.

So you will see, my dear father was greatly bereft of his loved ones in a few short years, and left a widower with two small children and his aged father. I will leave him now a short time in his desolate home, while I tell something of my mother and her family.

My mother's father, Nehemiah Dunn, was of English descent. She was not so fortunate as to have a family Bible, recording the births, marriages and deaths of her people, so that all I know, is what I remember her telling me.

Nehemiah Dunn's home was in North Carolina, and he was also a soldier during the Revolutionary War. While at one time marching through a distant part of the State, tired, hot and dusty, he stopped at a farm house by the way, and begged for a cooling drink - a sweet little maiden gladly brought him some fresh buttermilk. The young soldier fell in love with her at first sight, and resolved right there, some time to woo and win her for his own, if possible. She was a bonny Scotch-Irish lassie, by name Ann Murphy. Fortune favored his suit, and about the close of the war, she became his wife, and a true and faithful one she proved to be. They soon emigrated to Georgia, and made for themselves a home in Columbia County. My mother knew very little of her mother's family. She often spoke of her dear old grandmother Dunn, who lived with her son until her death, and of an Aunt who married a Pinson. Some of the Pinson children I knew very well. Ellen married Rutherford, and her people are now in Dallas, Ala. Another daughter married Wernum, and lived in Clinton, Jones Co., Ga., when I knew them. Another married Elijah Tarver, and one of her sons married my sister. The Tarver family and ours have lived near together since my recollection, and regarded each other as near kin. Joab Pinson, the brother, married my mother's sister, his first cousin, so that their children always seemed very near indeed. For several years after their marriage, grandpa and ma were a thoughtless, worldly minded young couple, not given to study about sacred things as he said, they lived for pleasure, and worldly success and not for God. But the Father had need of these brave souls, and they were providentially brought under Methodist teaching. (You must know, my children, that in those days, the great Methodist movement was yet in its infancy, in this new country, and its earnest consecrated followers regarded

with suspicion and sometimes contempt, 'specially by the established churches.) Nehemiah Dunn and his wife went to see and hear these people. They heard and were convicted and converted, and determined to cast in their lot with them, and henceforth endeavor to serve God in spirit and in truth. Which they did to the end of their lives. God prospered them and gave them a numerous family - 14 daughters and two sons. One son and one daughter died in childhood, but the others lived to good ages. My grandfather must have been a remarkable business man as well as eminent Christian, to raise and educate so well thirteen daughters and one son, providing at the same time generously for so large a household. They were taught from infancy habits of industry, economy and obedience. Twelve of the girls married, all men of worth and respectability - the oldest would never leave father and mother and was a model of devotion to her family. Some of the best families of Georgia and Alabama sprang from these sisters. Their names were as follows, in the order of their births, and the names of the men they married: Mary, Sabrina, can't recall her husband's name. Sarah - Lock. Jane - Joseph Day. Ann - Stuart. Ellen - Windrey. Rebecca, my own dear mother. I will tell later of her marriages. Elizabeth - Mose Harris. (Elijah Micajah) Matilda - Joab Pinson. Martha - Henry Moor. Clarinda - Noel Pitts. Maria - Reese. Euphemia - Smith. Dorothy died at eight years, and Micajah at sixteen years. A large family and yet Mama said that grandpa always took them all to church.

The son Elijah was educated a Physician, married Miss Porter and located in Eufaula, Ala., in the early days of that town, then known as Irwinton. He was noted for his skill and success in his profession. He left no children, his only child, a son, dying when a babe from

exposure during the Indian War, while sick with measles. So there was none to represent the name of Nehemiah Dunn. I know this Uncle well and loved him dearly. He died in the Fall of '51. Some of my Aunts died before I was old enough to recollect them. Some I saw only a few times, but I knew Aunt Elizabeth, Martha, Sarah and Matilda for years. I was named for the last two. Aunt Sallie, as we used to call her, staid with my mother a great deal when I was young. I loved and pitied her, for she was poor and a widow, and had no children to comfort her, or take care of her in her old age. Back in the better days she had taken care of a helpless orphan, this girl finally married and Aunt made her home with her, because she was better satisfied there, though she was welcome with her sisters. I stayed ten months at one time with Aunt Matilda, and went to school in Summerfield. I must pay a tribute of love to her memory. She was one of the best of women, and of great business talent. She was left a widow at 39, with a large property to manage, and eight children to raise, and she nobly and successfully met these obligations. Her lovely consistent Christian character - her daily walk and conversation, made impressions on my young heart which have never been forgotten. Dear Aunt I hope to meet you in that Heaven for which you lived. She lived to be 84 years old, and buried the last of her children.

But I must go back. When my mother was small, her father removed from Columbia to Jones County and settled a new home three miles from Clinton, the County seat. Here he raised his family, lived and died, and he and grandmother were buried in the family burying ground, as was the custom in the county in those days. Rebecca, the seventh daughter and my mother, was born April 8th, 1791. She grew up to lovely womanhood,

brown eyes, and curls, and delicate features. None of us that lived favored my mother. My brother and I were like our father, and sister like grandpa Guerri, jet black hair and eyes. In 1812 she was married to Joseph Moreland. Three children were given them. William born 1813 - died 1818. Emily born 1816 - died 1817. Joseph born February 1819 - died March 1820. The father died a few months before the birth of this last son. So my dear mother was early left a widow, and returned to her father's house where she remained til in the providence of God she and my father met, loved and were married October 1820.

Twenty-nine years afterward, my brother and I accompanied our mother on a visit to her relatives in Georgia, and to her old girlhood home in Jones, then passed into the hands of strangers. I deeply sympathized with her in the sad and happy, and sacred recollections of that hour. The old home was beautifully situated in a large grove near the high road, and the roomy old house was well preserved, for it had been substantially built. She took me to the room where she had twice stood as a bride. I tried to go back through the years, and imagine the picture. Young manhood, blushing girlhood, daintily dressed in white satin, lace and ribbons, as she had often told me. Ah! life was young then and hopes were bright. Then the picture eight years later, when the still lovely but chastened woman, stood beside my noble father, over whose manly head had also rolled many waves of trouble, and together they pledged their faith, and began the battle of life anew. She took me to the graves of her parents, sisters, children, husband. I can realize now, as I could not then, how she must have felt, as she stood among her dead, for she was again a widow.

But I go back to their early married days, when my mother once more left the paternal home, and went to preside over my father's, to be a mother to his two children, and a daughter to the aged father, my parents often spoke to us of this dear old grandpa, and I did so wish I had known him. As long as he lived, he wore knee pants, and his long hair plaited, as had been the style. In 1821 twin girls, Mary Elizabeth and Ann Sabrina, were born to them, lived one year and died from measles. The same year 1822, May 22nd, John Guertry, Sr., my grandpa passed away. July 28th, 1823, Nahemiah Dunn, their only son was born. September 9th, 1828, Martha Laura was born. February 17th, 1829, Caroline Eliza, who died September 24th, 1821, and last of all I came, as I said before, March 14th, 1832. Of all of these little ones born to my parents in their two marriages, my father only raised five and my mother three. What a number of little angel brothers and sisters I shall meet in the better land. I was the last baby of the family and much petted by all.

When I was two years old, my father, becoming embarrassed, sold out in Georgia and moved to Alabama, settling in Russell County six miles from Girard near the Chattahoochee River, in what was then the Indian Nation. My earliest recollections are of the red-men, for there was a large village of them between our house and the river, and some of them passed every day on their way to town. I was always very much afraid of them, and so was Mother. They would come in some times and beg for tobacco and other things, and I always tried to hide. Pa and brother Peter seemed to get along with them finely. My father improved a good place, and was beginning to do well when the Indian War began in May 1836.

Though only four years old, I remember some things about that fearful time, the flight, the alarms, soldiers, camps, etc. My father with all his family, white and black, refugeed in Columbus, which was strongly defended. Some of the settlers were butchered in their homes at the first horrible outbreak. The others managed in various ways to reach places of safety. In a few months the war was over, but alas! homes and property were destroyed. My father felt completely broken up and once more sold out, lived two years in town, and then bought him a home in Barbour County, Ala., nine miles from Eufaula. At the close of the Indian War, our big brother, Peter Videau, Jr., left the family circle. He was married to Frances Pitts, and settled in Muskogee County, Ga. Sister Charlotte had married her Cousin Legrand Guerry, January 29th, 1831, before I was born, and settled in Dooly County, Ga. I never saw her after I could remember, but from the report of others, she was a lovely Christian woman. So that in '39 when we removed to our new home in Barbour, father and mother and three children made up the family. Here we lived in great love and peace for a few years, but it seems that families must be broken up. June 19, 1841, dear sister married and left us. She was married to Wesley Tarver, second cousin on mother's side, and the young couple settled at Enon, Ala., a new colony just springing up in the woods, but destined in the near future to become one of the most wealthy and refined of Southern neighborhoods. The enterprising settlers soon managed to get up a fine school, and during the years '43 and '44 I stayed with with sister most of the time and went to school. This left them lonely at home, and brother being a man now and liking the new colony so much, and sister wanting us, Pa sold in Barbour and bought in Enon, and we moved there January '45. Dear old Enon my happy girlhood's home,

how my heart warms to you when I think of the old days. September '43, a little girl came to my sister's home, I thought the dearest sweetest baby that ever was. Darling Belle, our only baby for long years, you never lost your place in Auntie's heart. In passing I must pay tribute of respect to my dear old teacher, John J. Groves, from '43 to '47 I received his instruction - pure in heart and life, cultured in mind and manners, he was well fitted to train young girls. Peace to his memory. June 1846, sister Charlotte died, leaving seven children. Brother went after the children. Sister took the baby boy. Two lived with their Uncle Peter, and four with us. Their father sold out in Georgia and bought a home near Enon. In two years he married again and took his children home. His second wife lived only one year, and the baby boy died too, and he was again a widower with six children, but his oldest daughter was able now to look after things and keep the flock together.

June 24th '47, our precious father died, and we were indeed bereft. I can not do him justice. By example he taught us to love and serve God and His church. Gentle, kind and cheerful, yet strong to resist evil in any form. He was always Class-leader from the time I could remember. He went every Sunday to the log church in Barbour, that he helped to build three miles off in the woods, and would sing and pray, and talk and read one of Wesley's Sermons, with the few who would meet him there for we only had the preacher once a month. An accident caused him to go on crutches the last few years of his life, still the church wanted him class-leader, and he would not shirk his duty. Methinks I see him now, as he went from member to member with his loving helpful words. He died as he had lived, leaving to his children the rich legacy of a godly life.

Now, my brother, worthy son of such a noble sire, took charge of affairs, and cared for mother and sister. The years moved on and I grew to womanhood, and like most of my kind, loved and married, a Methodist preacher, Rev. George W. Carter, May 25th, 1851. God blessed our union and we were happy. I grieved to leave mother and brother alone, but she would not leave him while he remained single, and she was right. Though young I trust I was not altogether unfitted for a preacher's wife, for I had been nursed in the lap of Methodism, and loved her to my heart's core, her doctrines, her practices, and had been a member since my twelfth year, and was trying to be a faithful Christian.

September 1853, brother Legrand Guerry died, and his children were left alone, but we did not forsake these children of our dead sister. Caroline, the oldest, lived with sister until her marriage to James Ball. She is now living in Newark, Ohio, no children. Sarah J. lived with me till she married John Borum, May '54. She had a large family, and is a widow now, living in Troy, Ala. Legrand and Douglass, the two sons, lived with brother until old enough to look out for themselves in life. Both of these noble boys were faithful soldiers through the entire Civil War. Legrand married and finally settled in Eufaula, where he has led a useful Christian life, and raised a family. Douglass died unmarried. Charlotta and Susan lived with brother Peter. After Charoltta married Ton Nelson, Sue lived with her and the others until she married James Madison, and is now living in Pike County. She also had a large family. Charlotta was left a widow with one daughter, this daughter married Erastus Hanchy, of Troy, and after some years died, leaving three little girls, and her mother soon followed her. Never did children grow to be better

men and women than did these six that our sister Charlotte left. In 1854, brother Peter's wife died, leaving no children. He was living in the neighborhood of Enon at the time of her death. In due time he married again, Mary Guerri, the widow of John Guerri, only son of my father's only brother, and she was the daughter of Elizabeth Harris, my mother's sister. She had three children, two sons and a daughter, when she and brother Peter were married. In a few years after their union, the dreadful Civil War began. His patriotic spirit at once responded, and he organized and led out a splendid Company of men. He was never permitted to return, but was killed while bravely charging at the head of his company in one of the battles before Richmond, Gains' Mill, Friday June 27th, 1862. His two stepsons, also, came to their death from the War, Jeff and John Guerri, and so his wife was left alone with her daughter, Amanda, who afterwards married Thad J. Pruett. The mother died August 1870.

November 1855, Nehemiah Dunn, our brother was married to Isabella C. Sims, of Tuscaloosa, and the very next April our beloved mother was taken from us. Ah! how my heart ached when I saw those loving brown eyes closing in death. Our mother was a remarkable woman, so much industry and energy of mind and body. She had some pardonable ambition for her children, and but for her the family would never have sustained the position in society it did, after my father's pecuniary troubles. She bravely planned and struggled, that we might be so brought up and educated as to fill honorable places in life. Dear Mama, it is sweet to your baby child, to pay this just tribute to your memory.

April '61, the Civil War began and lasted four

years. When it closed, the Southern States were not only bereft of their property, but the flower of their manhood. Oh! how many aching hearts mourned the loss of sons, husbands and fathers. My husband gathered our little all together, and bought us a home near Hurtsboro, Ala., where we settled down and tried to accommodate ourselves to the new order of things. He had raised and carried to the front during the War, a fine company, but he could not remain with them. His health gave way, and he returned home never to be the same man again. Disease had fastened upon him and October 31st, 1872, he entered into rest, leaving me with three sweet daughters to comfort me, but with little to provide for them. Trusting God I bravely faced the issue, and by teaching, with my children's help, and the blessing of God, we managed to live. My brother also did his duty for his country, but was mercifully preserved. During the war he had removed to Fort Mitchel, Ala. So we three who had so long and happily lived near each other, were separated. Somehow, I never could get used to this separation. I was so devoted to my brother and sister. But there was yet more sorrow in store for me. My darling sister's health had been bad for several years, she gradually grew worse, till July 24th, 1881, she too passed away - sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

February 8th, '82, I was married to Haywood Pipkin, of Midway. Blessed with his loving care, life glided more peacefully on for some years. My children were married and Winnifred married William Dawkins, has four children, lives at Creek Stand. Laura V. married Earle Brooks, lives at Hurtsboro. Georgia Belle married J. A. Ellison, also lives at Creek Stand.

About the time of my second marriage, my dear

brother sold out in Alabama, moved to Artesia, Miss. As we were the last two of the family, we were drawn yet more tenderly to each other, and though after this move, we could not see one another very often, yet we communed regularly by the sweet medium of letters. February 1888, his wife died, which was a great sorrow to him, for he was an exceptionally devoted husband, but in a little more than two years he, too, crossed the "river," and was reunited with all the dear ones gone before. September 1st, 1890, his spirit departed. I was with him and went with him as far down into the cold waters of death as mortal could, and in holy awe seemed to be with his glorified soul, as it entered his Maker's presence. My loving partial heart will not try to describe this brother and sister, but to me they were the embodiment of every thing that was pure and true and lovable. May their children emulate their virtues. Brother left one son and three daughters, but the youngest, Laura Belle, a sweet girl just blooming into womanhood, followed her parents to the better world, June '94. The son, N. D. Guerry, is a Physician, and lives at the homestead, with his wife and two children. His oldest daughter, Carrie, married Ed. Lowther, has four children and settled in Lee County, Ala. The second daughter, Nettie, lives with her brother and sister. Sister left four daughters, Belle, Laura, Sallie and Annie. The oldest, sweet little Belle as she always was to me, grew to beautiful womanhood, married James T. Jernigan, and was the mother of ten girls, seven of whom are living. In January '92, she too was taken to Heaven. The family live in Birmingham, Ala. The two next oldest married John Cone and Jabez Banks, and still live at Enon, both have children. The aged father and youngest daughter, who is a widow, without children, of D. C. Crook, also live at Enon.

And now comes the record of my last great sorrow. October 2nd '93, the soul of Haywood Pipkin went home to God, while his body was sweetly sleeping.

Dear Children, I now close this imperfect and rambling paper. This is April 16th, 1896. I am 64 years old, and live with my children, who tenderly care for me. I wish to impress on you this Testimony: That the God whom I love and serve has power on earth to forgive sin, and to give strength to keep from sin, and that He can and will take care of all who trust in Him, in prosperity, and adversity, from youth to old age. My daily prayer is, that my house may be established before Him, in righteousness, forever.

SARAH M. PIPKIN



